Teacher

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Teacher Will knows he can't rely on his friend-with-benefits Matthew for his upcoming heat and looks around for other options. Young alpha Nigel is not an option! Will is no way going to share his heat with his persistent ex-student. Definitely not.

Notes

second of my giveaway fics, this one prompted by the lovely Delia72 <3

Will couldn't help the lump of guilt in his throat. Matt had looked so sad and disappointed as he'd pointed out to Will all the ways in which they were essentially, and considerably, more than roommates. Which, of course they were. It hadn't been Will's intention to crush him.

They had never really put a name to it, but Will wasn't oblivious to the fact that his fellow omega considered them to be a couple of some description.

They had been flatmates since Matt moved from Wolftrap where they'd grown up together. Will had needed the extra cash on his shitty teaching salary, and Matt had needed somewhere close to the hospital where he was going to start working as an orderly. That had been two years earlier and a drunken night of fooling around a little while after, had resulted in them becoming friends with benefits. Somewhere over the last year or so, the lines had become blurred and Will had just decided to ignore that. To enjoy having some intimacy and imagine it had no strings. To take advantage of someone to walk Winston when he had to stay late to cover detentions. They both still saw other people, well, Matt did - mostly guys from clubs. Half the time Matt was an asshole over it and almost seemed to be trying to make him jealous. Which never worked.

Even so, now on his way to work, Will felt like the asshole he was. The conversation hadn't gone as he had expected and that was all on him. He knew, deep down it was never going to go as he wanted, but he had hoped. Hoped that Matt realised that Will just wasn't into him like that despite his actions? Ugh.

Broaching his annual heat over breakfast might not have been the best idea, but at least it gave him chance to cut and run with the excuse of getting to work, should he need to. And he'd needed to.

Of course, an omega could easily help another through their heat, and there were certainly enough toys out there to assist. But they'd already tried that before with limited success. The previous year he'd helped Matt - who had been thoroughly satisfied during that time. But when Matt had helped with Will's heat... he had not been satisfied. It had been agonising and had doubled the length of his heat as his body went unfulfilled in every sense. In the end he'd had to get a short course of hormonal suppressants to counter the effects of the unresolved heat.

Matt had felt bad, but hadn't really understood why it hadn't worked out despite several sizeable knotting toys - Will just wasn't into it.

Matt clearly had deeper feelings than Will had allowed himself to acknowledge, or at least Matt thought he did. One reason Will would never have even considered being serious with him because actually he was a pretty shitty boyfriend, if that's what he thought he was. In fact, he wasn't a particularly nice person, but they had been the two loners in their school and he still wasn't sure why they had become friends.

Though it was possibly still shitty or cowardly of Will to explain over breakfast that he was going to check into a clinic or find a surrogate alpha for his upcoming heat.

Matt had been crushed. He saw it as a betrayal, that was evident from his expression.

The conversation replayed over and over in Will's mind. Ten minutes of intense discussion that came down to Matt feeling betrayed as he felt they were in a committed, if open, relationship. And Will feeling like an asshole for never addressing that he only saw Matt as, at best, a fuck buddy and dog sitter, his mind meanwhile screaming to address all the times when Matt had treated him like shit so what the fuck?!

Will let out a heavy sigh as he pulled up to the school, trying to push down all thoughts on the situation. He had three weeks of work left until his heat was due.

Less than a month to resolve this one way or the other, and definitely without Matthew Brown.

*

Nigel rarely came to The Hot Spot on weeknights, but it was that time of the year - those months from late spring into the summer where it seemed that half the omegas in the world had their annual heat sync up. And Nigel was horny. He had a later shift in the morning so why not blow off some steam blowing someone rather than squeezing his knot at home alone?

Looking a little older and rougher than he truly was, he'd been coming to this club and getting laid since he was fifteen years old. Now he was newly nineteen and still had the same interest - and libido - to sit at the bar eyeing the omegas and finding the one he was going to go home with. It wasn't so much hunting as the ancestors had done, more like shooting fish in a barrel, and he wasn't exactly picky.

There were a few gorgeous ones - some there together and clearly not interested in the attentions of an alpha one way or the other. He was just looking over one at the other end of the bar when a familiar scent caught his nose.

Despite being familiar, Nigel couldn't quite place it at first. Not until he turned and saw the omega that had just walked in. He looked flighty and harried. He looked fucking gorgeous. Yes, Mr Graham looked just as fucking delectable as when he'd taught him science at high school.

*

Will clenched his jaw as he entered the club. Two weeks left until his heat set in and he hadn't planned for it at all. He'd had the conversation with Matt and discounted him of course, and then he really had intended to call a clinic but… He hated the idea of something so clinical and impersonal, it almost made him reconsider Matt. Not that that was an option now. Three more shouting matches later and Matt moved out. Will wondered if he should feel bad that he only missed the fact that Matt would walk Winston in the mornings so he didn't have to get up crazy early before school.

A surrogate service was his final option, and this was… his penultimate one. A surrogate could work out just fine, but usually you were matched several months in advance to ensure a good coupling - give the service a chance to whittle it down until you had the best match. This late he could get someone but they might be as bad a match for him as Matt - even with the edition of a physical knot if he went with an alpha.

So this was a final effort to do something he also shouldn't have put off so long - meet someone.

He had no intent beyond a heat partner, but meeting someone in this sort of social setting - finding someone he had a mutual attraction with - might yield a better match than a surrogacy. They could spend the night grinding on each other on the dance floor and go from there. He hadn't done something like that since he was in college, and even then only when he was completely pissed. He was usually more reserved and controlled, he didn't like to flaunt himself out there like some brazen omega, like Matt. Though he was starting to have a greater understanding of why some did.

A drink sounded good, that would likely help. So Will made his way immediately to the bar, determined to down a few glasses of whiskey before he went about enacting his plan.

*

Nigel grinned to himself as the omega took the empty seat next to him at the bar, his alpha nose could easily pick out the slight hint in his scent that would only get stronger over the next week or two. His heat was coming. He'd have to be an idiot to not suspect that this was exactly the reason Mr Graham was here. He actually was pretty sure Mr Graham was only into omegas, or at least had an omega boyfriend - that had been the rumour at school. But maybe he just wanted a real knot for his heat, and Nigel wasn't going to judge that.

"Can I buy you a drink, gorgeous?" Nigel leaned in just close enough for the omega to hear him.

He could practically feel the guy tense and then force himself to relax, before turning to look at his admirer. It made Nigel smile, yes he could see how quiet, snarky and intense Mr Graham probably hated every moment of being in this room. Perhaps that would make it easier to take the omega home, or at the least, somewhere private so that they could fuck. Maybe even swap details for his heat.

Nigel felt a thrill at the idea like he'd never had before.

He licked his own lips whilst he studied Mr Graham's mouth before moving his eyes up to look at him.

There's no immediate hint of recognition.

"A drink, darling?" Nigel pushes and then there it is, a quirked brow for a moment before the man's face becomes stern.

"I know you," Graham started, his eyes narrowing. "Fuck."

The omega's expression didn't change but a flush up his neck and cheeks was obvious even in the dim lighting of the club.

*

Will felt his face heat.

The moment he'd sat down he'd scented the alpha next to him. He seemed young, maybe too young for him, but very virile. And this close to his heat that drove his primitive instincts crazy.

And then he looked at the kid and recognised him. It took him a moment to place him but then realised this was that asshole alpha that had transferred senior year. From some place in Europe originally, his parents had moved him around, and for seven shitty months he'd been at Will's school. He had technically been in Will's class, though he turned up so few times that Will was surprised he'd recognised him at all.

"Mr Graham," The alpha greeted salaciously.

Will glared at him, perhaps misplaced anger at the thought of yet another obstacle to satisfying his upcoming heat.

The kid just let out a chuckle and then bit on his lower lip in a way that made Will's cock give a little throb of interest.

Dammit.

The alpha chuckled again, "I'm not your student anymore you know."

Will huffed, "Well, it is difficult to tell as you were never in class when you were."

The alpha laughed then, deeply amused but his eyes never stopped roaming over every visible inch of the omega. It made Will shudder, all the more so when he realised he was actually considering this alpha as a prospect.

It took a moment for him to shake the thought and down his drink, placing the empty glass on the bar. Looked like a surrogate was the way to go then.

Will stood and gave a curt nod, "Goodnight young man, don't stay out passed your bedtime." He walked back out of the club.

*

Nigel watched the omega go in near stunned silence before he got on his feet to follow. He'd never been turned down. Mostly because he was good enough to read people that he only ever approached those who he considered would be receptive to the attentions of an alpha. And he still considered that that was the case for Mr Graham. It appeared to be their prior acquaintance that was the issue.

Nigel couldn't help a grin. He could understand the hesitation on the omega's part, but for his own? Bedding his teacher wasn't exactly a fantasy he'd never entertained.

He took off at a trot, catching up easily to Mr Graham as he exited the front of the club in search of a taxi.

"Hey, wait a-" He placed a gentle hold on the omega's arm, though Mr Graham recoiled away as though assaulted and turned on Nigel with a growl. It was fucking adorable and made Nigel's cock twitch.

“What?” The omega snapped.

“I just wanted to… the age difference, it’s not a problem for me. And like I said, I’m not your student anymore. I could help you through…” Nigel’s words gave out as the omega’s anger only served to pump his scent out all the more, hot and rich.

“It’s a problem for-” Mr Graham practically growled at him, but Nigel cut off his words by pressing forward and claiming his mouth.

For the briefest moment the omega responded and kissed him back, as Nigel knew he would once he gave into-

The pleasure was cut short by sharp pain as Mr Graham pulled back and punched him, the violent sound of flesh impacting flesh resounding in the dark street.

*

“You have got to be fucking kidding me,” Will muttered under his breath as he made his way out of the school building and towards the staff car park.

There, on the steps down from the main quad, and sporting the black eye Will had given him, was the fucking alpha student - *ex-student* - from the nightclub two days earlier.

This was not how he wanted his Monday to end. All the more so given that time was getting less and less, and yet despite sending it as urgent, Will still hadn’t heard back from the Surrogacy Agency he had contacted over the weekend.

He really didn’t need this nonsense.

“Please leave before I call the cops,” Will growled as he came into earshot of the now grinning alpha. “This is harassment.”

Without dropping a grin the alpha - Will still couldn’t quite recall his name other than it maybe began with M - quirked a brow at him.

“I came to apologise,” His ex-student said with absolutely no sincerity.

“Aren’t there little old ladies out there you’ve mugged you can go apologise to instead?” Will replied tersely as he passed the alpha and continued to his car.

The alpha chuckled and then dropped into step beside him.

“Judgemental aren’t you,” It wasn’t a question and the alpha didn’t wait for an answer, “But I guess you’ve decided to dismiss me as a trouble maker. Bit of a shitty move for a teacher.”

“I’m not your teacher,” Will growled, ignoring the fact that the boy was completely right - it was a shitty attitude for a teacher to have. Towards their *current* students at least.

“True, and I guess if you like a bit of rough, a bit of a bad boy, I’d be happy to oblige,” this was said in a low rumble that caused involuntary butterflies in Will’s stomach. Which he was sure would never have happened if he wasn’t so close to his heat.

Will stopped in his tracks, fucked off with this whole situation.

“Look, I don’t know what you think you’re-”

“I’m trying to help,” The alpha cut him off and this time managed to sound somewhat sincere. “I’m not looking to fucking court you for fucksake, just offering my knot to an omega in need. That’s the sort of nice guy I am.” The alpha was grinning at him again and Will fought equal parts arousal and ire.

“Stop, or I’ll be getting a restraining order,” Will snapped and took the last few steps to his car. He got in and slammed the door shut, glaring at the alpha.

He really did need to look up this kid’s name if he was going to do that.

*

Nigel knew that he should have given up after the black eye.

He definitely, really shouldn’t have gone to the school.

Contrary to popular belief he wasn’t a complete asshole, well at least not all of the time, and part of him had genuinely thought to go there to apologise. Or he’d managed to convince himself of that.

Maybe he had more of a vested interest in just finding it amusing to annoy the omega. The omega that he couldn’t get out of his fucking head. Which was fucked up.

But the truth was, he’d had a crush on this teacher. More than that, Mr Graham was the only thing that made school bearable some days. He liked that the omega took no fucking shit at all and seemed to hate the students for bothering him by existing, whilst at the same time would go out of his way to support them one on one. Fuck knows why Nigel had never taken advantage of that personally and got in some one on one time with the man.

Well, he knew why. It was because Mr Graham - sassy and beautiful - had made him nervous as all hell. The only reason he had anywhere near big enough balls to approach him as he did at the club, was because the chance of being rejected seemed relatively low. After all, he had clearly been there to get laid and Nigel would have been happy to oblige.

Now? Well, now he was crossing a line and maybe deserved a restraining order.

For Nigel, love was an obsession. And whilst he wouldn’t call this love, it made the creepiness of hanging out at the park where he knew Mr Graham walked his dog, somewhat excusable.

He had chanced to see, quite sometime earlier when he had still been a student, Mr Graham walking in this park. At the time he’d taken the chance to admire the omega’s cute ass as he bent over to pick up sticks to throw for his dog. But beyond that he’d thought no more of it.

But now Nigel found himself walking there daily, so close as it was to his place of work. And that was how he ended up rounding the bandstand he’d seen Will walking towards from afar. He wasn’t sure yet what he was going to do or say, only that his instincts were demanding this pursuit. This ambush, really.

“What the actual fuck!” The omega practically roared as he literally ran into Nigel as they passed the back of the bandstand at the same time.

The collision had actually been unintentional and the omega seemed to have recognised him only moments before the dog trotting beside him tripped them both.

Nigel's arms went out on instinct and before he knew it he was flat on his back, holding the omega who now straddled him. And as though he were still a schoolboy, his dick got instantly hard.

There was a moment of stunned silence where Mr Graham clearly was recovering from the fall itself, before realising the rock hard cock beneath him.

Without thinking, Nigel leaned up enough to draw in the scent at the omega's neck, his hips grinding involuntarily.

The omega let out a little puff of breath that almost carried a whimper, and for a moment he seemed receptive, his hands clutching at Nigel as he pressed himself down on the alpha's interested dick.

"Mr Graham," Nigel purred going for seductive but somehow ending up reverent, "You're so… you're so beautiful." He really meant the words even if saying them had not been a conscious decision.

The omega's sweet and quiet noises turned immediately to a growl and he was on his feet.

Swearing and growling, Mr Graham glared down at him before whistling his dog over.

He looked a placid animal, but then Mr Graham gave a sharp, high whistle and the dog immediately lowered his head, hackles up and teeth bared uncomfortably close to Nigel's throat.

"This stops now! Do I look like someone who wants to rut on the fucking ground in public like an animal?"

"Yeah, shit. You're right," Nigel conceded and it wasn't because of the dog. Every moment he spent around the omega the more he wanted him, and his want was quickly going deeper than simple lust. He wanted Mr Graham to like him, not just to want him and especially not just for his knot. He wanted them to get to know each other better, because everything he knew so far made his desire so fucking multi-layered it was hard for him to fully fathom.

This smart, sassy, gorgeous omega deserved better than the shit he was pulling.

Mr Graham gave another short whistle and turned, the dog trotting to his side as he walked away.

"I'm sorry, sir." Nigel called after him, feeling as though he was back in school. Though he would never have apologised there.

*

Will was so fucking done.

It had taken the first surrogacy agency he had contacted more than three days to come back to him just to let him know that they didn't have any availability for last minute clients at this time. The second agency had said the same, albeit quicker, and the third agency was essentially an escort service that offered heat services, but at pay by the night prices that were far beyond his teacher's salary.

So with only days to go he had to consider going back to a club or something. Maybe he should download a hookup app?

He wasn't sure. What he was sure of was that there was no way he could work today.

He had woken up to find an email from Matt saying he definitely wasn't coming back and was moving in with some guy he'd just met. So very Matt. Will didn't even care, but it was a death knell in what, in the back of his mind, maybe had possibly in the worst case, been an option.

It didn't help that Will had also woken with the first signs of preheat. The slight raise in temperature and sense of smell. The food aversions - anything that smelled too sickly - and the cravings. He needed a coffee more than he ever had before in his life and the shit in his apartment was not going to cut it.

So Will called in to work, starting his heat leave early, before heading out to the amazing coffee shop four blocks over. He hadn't been there in months, not since the new school year had started thanks to the couple of extra classes he'd ended up with after Jimmy Price had left to have his baby.

Will walked over, needing the fresh air to clear his head and cool him down. Even so, the amazing smell when he walked in almost bowled him over. His memory of how good this coffee was, was clearly off.

He was completely preoccupied with whether to stay in the coffee shop and enjoy the glorious aroma as he drank, or go back out with it and make the most of the fresh, cool air before his heat hit fully. So much so that it took him a moment to realise that he knew the barista.

Will blinked, his immediate annoyance tempered by acute and involuntary arousal. And the realisation that the fucking amazing smell wasn't just the coffee after all.

"Mr Graham…" The kid looked sheepish, as though Will had once more caught him following him when in fact the reverse could be true. "Um, sorry I…"

"Please, Nigel. It's fine," Because of course, Will had looked up his name.

And that wasn't all. As his heat got closer he found himself recalling that moment in the park, and playing out different versions of their meeting in the nightclub, when he jerked off. Hating himself less and less for doing it the more he did.

Nigel seemed very different, maybe not quite caught off guard, but less brash. Which Will wasn't sure he actually enjoyed quite as much, interestingly.

"What, no aggressive flirting?" Will joked, which seemed to set the alpha at ease, Nigel relaxed against the counter.

"What can I get you, gorgeous? Anything on the menu take your fancy? Or maybe something off it?"

Will laughed, forgetting for a minute about his encroaching heat.

"Definitely something off the menu," Will grinned.

*

Nigel was sure as shit not going to question this fantastic turn of events, not when the omega of his lustful fantasies had him pinned up against the wall of his apartment that stank of pre-heat.

Leaving the cafe had been a blur. He'd taken off his apron and told his boss he needed to take emergency heat leave and then made for the door before she'd even finished agreeing.

"Oh fuck, Mr Graham I-" His words were cut off by the omega's half laugh, half groan.

"Please, my name is Will, stop with the Mr Graham, and Sir, just... I have to tell you, it really isn't a turn on for me to be reminded you were one of my students," There was amusement there, even a little chuckle, but clearly it was meant.

Nigel grinned, "Is that right, Will? Don't like the students being hot for teacher?" He took hold of Will's shirt and pushed, turning them so he had the omega up against the wall. Nigel started to nuzzle at Mr Graham - Will's - neck, whilst he ground his hips against the omega.

"Don't like the thought of you student's lusting after you? Hmm? Well I've gotta tell you, darling. You don't have a choice in it. I've been wanking over thoughts of you since the first day I walked into your classroom." Nigel growled, nipping at Will's throat as the omega groaned.

"Fuck," Will spat, grinding back. Nigel grinned.

"Want me to tell you more of my dirty thoughts about teacher?" Nigel chuckled, wondering if he would actually object and quite how far he could push this.

"I'd rather you show me," Was the omega's breathless answer.

Nigel nearly came in his pants at the demand, the scent of Will's heat already circling them, surrounding them like a fog as it began to truly descend.

*

Everything was starting to become fuzzy, as was often the case with his heats. He had grown out of those adolescent ones where he was practically inebriated and would likely have agreed to anything, but still, his inhibitions were definitely lowered.

He had never visited the idea of illicit student-teacher relations. It had never appealed, and frankly most teenagers were complete assholes, so why would it? He was even sure that he should find it unsettling how much Nigel was turning him on with his tales of wanking over something Will had said or done in class. He wasn't sure how much of it was true - especially the times he apparently went to the school bathroom and jerked off in there, squeezing his knot as he thought about his teacher. Will wasn't sure if mattered if it was all bullshit or not, all that mattered was the thick and copious slick soiling his clothes.

He moaned into Nigel's mouth when the alpha finally shut up and kissed him.

The kiss was filthy, sloppy. And Will was certain that was intentional. Nigel was clearly far from virginal but seemed to be setting this up as some sort of fantasy - making it seem that he lacked experience. And god help him, Will liked it.

He would never have done this if Nigel was still a student, he'd have never done it with any other student, but the idea of role playing it? He'd certainly roleplayed other things with previous lovers,

including a really rough and forceful liaison that Matt had wanted. But teacher-student was close enough to life to be simultaneously distasteful and uninteresting. Until now.

Nigel drew back, grinning like he'd won something in Will's response - which of course he had.

"I can scent your need," Nigel's low rumble was more of a turn on than it should be, "you need a knot, Sir. Do you want me to knot you? I'll do it… If you change my grade on the essay, Sir."

Nigel's words dripped with sincerity and Will had to remind himself there was no grade, no essay. Nigel wasn't his student. Not anymore at least.

"Ugh, fuck. This is so wrong," Will tried to push Nigel back, to put some space between them, but the alpha didn't allow it, instead moving in to nuzzle at Will's neck.

"Please Sir, let me fuck you, if I don't get an A I'll be grounded," Nigel whimpered.

It almost made Will laugh and he couldn't help but reply on impulse, "Nigel, you've never been close to an A."

"You say that now, but I'll definitely get an A for knotting, trust me,"

Will did chuckle at that, a sort of relief spreading from his chest when he did - a reminder that this was a complete fantasy. And one that, right or wrong, was completely turning him on.

"I don't care Mr Ibanescu, you can fuck me as good as you like, I'm not giving you more than a C minus."

He expected the alpha to laugh, but instead the reply was a low growl, "I'll take it,"

Nigel's mouth slammed back to his, hungry and full of tongue.

The alpha stepped back, hands fisted in Will's shirt and taking him along as he walked backwards into the room before finally breaking to look around and take in the surroundings.

The apartment was fairly open plan, the main room consisting of a sofa and TV, with Will's desk in the corner, complete with a stack of papers that he needed to grade for the following week. Nigel grinned at the sight of it and then dragged him over to it, not that Will minded the manhandling.

When he got there Nigel swept everything off of the desk, and if Will wasn't already in those first flushes of his heat, he would have been pissed at the papers rustling to the floor, As it was he was immediately on the same page as the young alpha, allowing himself to be pressed forward over it as Nigel reached around and undid his trousers before roughly pulling them down.

Nigel went to his knees as he dragged the trousers down.

"Oh fuck, Mr Graham, you smell so good," Nigel growled before burying his face between Will's legs. Will felt his hot tongue start licking at the slick that was practically dripping through his boxers. A few glancing passes at his leaking entrance had Will canting his hips and moaning - concerned that he might come right there and then.

"Knot me," Will moaned.

“Yessir,” Nigel chuckled, getting back to his feet as Will heard the rustling of him opening his own jeans.

Will gasped as Nigel tugged at his underwear, out not down, a ripping sound as the material instantly gave under the violent pressure. There was a flash of pain as the material almost cut into him, and then it was gone and he could hear the deep inhale. Will glanced over his shoulder shuddering at the sight of the alpha burying his nose in the material that had been his boxers.

“These are mine now,” Nigel growled, shoving them as best he could into his back pocket before shucking down his jeans. Will faced forward again, squeezing his eyes shut in an attempt not to come.

It was with satisfaction rather than shock that Will cried out a moment later as Nigel impaled him on his cock. He could do no more than whimper as Nigel began to fuck into him with about as much finesse as the beta he’d lost his virginity with at summer camp when he was fifteen.

He was like a jackhammer, and whilst Wil had to admit that he enjoyed the roughness of it, his o-spot was getting zero stimulation. He knew it would once Nigel fucked his knot into him, but he wasn’t far enough into his heat to crave only a knot and not maximise the pleasure.

Even so, it was only when Nigel panted “this is a fucking A grade fuck,” that Will had to disagree.

“Barely a D.” Will managed to utter as he was slammed repeatedly to the desk.

In the alpha’s moment of hesitation that followed, Will pushed back, causing Nigel to stumble and pull out of him. He winced at the loss, his inner muscles fluttering with need. Even so, he did not hesitate as he turned and grabbed Nigel, lifting and slamming his back to the desk in one smooth motion before climbing up, straddling and sinking back down on him.

Nigels eyes rolled the back of his head, and a groan escaped - a long one that continued whilst Will began to roll his hips.

The alpha’s hands went to his waist and Will was happy to have him grip and pull him further down, as flush as they could possibly get. Nigel’s soft knot slipped easily into him and Will kept it there, circling his hips rather than bouncing up and down.

Even as his brain fogged further, he couldn’t help but grin as the young alpha between his legs was even more lost to the pleasure than he was.

“Seems I can still teach you a thing or two,” Will grinned, knowing for certain that no one had ever taken his knot like this before - before it had become swollen. “Feels like wet heat mouthing at it, I’m told.” Will struggled out the words as he ground the growing knot against his o-spot.

“Move,” Will growled.

That seemed to bring Nigel somewhat to his senses and he began shallow thrusts, no longer able to pull his knot entirely out, he moved as much as his knot allowed. It was enough to give them both the friction and slide that they needed to have them moaning and gripping tight hold to each other.

“Sir,” Nigel cried out and shuddered. Will could feel the knot almost completely full, only moments before it would lock them together.

“Be a good boy and knot me,” Will breathed the words next to Nigel’s ear.

The alpha arched, burying himself as deep into Will as he could, the pressure and thrust pushing Will’s o-spot and making him spill. As his come fell in hot ropes over Nigel’s chest, the young alpha cried out. His knot was clenched within Will and he had no choice but to come deep inside the omega, in seemingly never ending pulses that Will was sure - from the alpha’s slack and spaced expression - held infinite pleasure.

Much like the throes he found himself in, Will considered, a moment before collapsing onto the alpha’s trembling frame as they breathed together. Will finally sank into the haze of full heat as Nigel continued to come in waves within his undulating depths.

Only one thing remained on his mind, he had an alpha for this heat and - if he learned his lessons well enough - perhaps he’d keep him for the next.

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